



THE GRAPHIC



CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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FROM A PAINTING BY YEEND KING

"TOIL AND PLEASURE"

"My dear, excellent Mrs. Jones," quoth the Chief Commissioner, settling himself on a rickety chair, and peering about him in the darkened room, all the darker from the glaring sunlight outside, "allow me to congratulate you on your wonderful, your well-deserved good fortune. We have seen too little of you, my dear madam, and of your amiable and accomplished family, of late, but I trust that may be amended. Where is our worthy Major?" he inquired abruptly of the somewhat muddled lady.

"He is here, I assure you, but he is not well. He has a headache, a toothache," replied Mrs. Jones, in a flutter.

In point of fact, Major Jones was even then in hiding in the empty stables, whether he had run in shirt-sleeves and *pyjamas*, affrighted by all this access of distinguished company to his mansion.

"So sorry," said Sir Lionel. "I came personally, though that is not my practice, to beg that I might have the great pleasure of your company, and of yours, Mrs. Jones, and of your family, to dinner this evening, at my house. A sumptuous! Only candles, and one or two more. Hey! Miss Jones, is it an engagement?" seeing that the elder lady was in some confusion. In fact, she was thinking anxiously about the extent of their wardrobe and its capabilities for the occasion.

"Charmed, I'm sure," replied Miss Minnie, whom nothing could disconcert. "It is very kind of you, Sir Lionel, to remember us poor people in our little corner of the world."

"I really—am not sure—but I don't know—Minnie, is it a large one?" quoth the Chief Commissioner, aghast. "Poor people, and a gold mine in the family!"

"Ah, that is all very well, but we have not seen any of the gold yet. I wish we may."

"But you will. You will, my dear young lady," urged the Chief Commissioner eagerly. "The whole district is teeming with gold, it is said."

"I am sure I hope so. It is quite unexpected good fortune."

"Is the gold large one?" he turned to Mrs. Jones.

"I really—am not sure—but I don't know—Minnie, is it a large one?" entreated poor Mrs. Jones.

"It is only a few hundred acres, three or four I have heard," said Miss Minnie, composedly.

"Three or four hundred acres! I think that! My dear Miss Jones, what a sum you will have on herress you will be! And the name? What is the name?" pressed the Chief Commissioner, not to lose a tittle of the auriferous information.

Mrs. Jones, who had partly disengaged herself by this time, was about to reply, but Miss Minnie, with a warning glance at her mother interposed. "It is only known by the name of Major Jones's property."

"And long may it flourish!" cried Sir Lionel, heartily. "I shall see you in Thimbles' next, then," he said, rising and shaking hands. "Don't forget, a quarter to eight."

Miss Minnie slightly blushed, and felt no small inclination to giggle as the Chief Commissioner bent his lean figure over her hand, which little hand he pressed within his own, holding it as if it was something golden which he did not at all like resuming. She fairly laughed outright when Sir Lionel had gone away, and murmuring she would like to have a daughter called Lady Lynx, C.I.E.?

Nor—such are coincidences—were Sir Lionel's thoughts far away from a similar direction-matrimonial.

"Egad!" he muttered to himself while he was driven away, "the girl is very passable; and with fifty, or say, even forty thousand—and, of course, some accession of style—would not disconcert a Chief Commissioner, or even a Member of Parliament."

And that the girl was not a mere hoyden, nor a mere tangles, to the chagrin of the old Major, who even mailing a bolt back to the bungalow, was as constantly arrested in his flight by new arrivals.

He cursed the gold mine in his heart; but he knew that his little comforts, his cigars and brandy *panaceas*, might not be forthcoming were he to anger his eldest daughter, the real mistress of his house, including the cellar. The congratulations in the bungalow and their quiet acceptance, as a matter of course, meanwhile went on—until, suddenly, the door burst open, and the girl, who was somewhat sensational element to them at one time, The gallant officer, who was as he himself expressed it, "over his hocks in debt," determined not to be forestalled in the good things that were going, and he actually proposed to Miss Minnie during a brief absence of Mrs. Jones from the sitting-room. This he did characteristically. Scarcely had the door closed upon the retiring skirt of the matron, than taking advantage of the fact he had been sucking out of his mouth, he said knowledgeably, "I've a—

"And I'm off!" retorted Minnie, and rising to go.

"Oh no! don't you know?" begged the Captain. "Say, dearest, shall we run—two, in double harness?"

"I might kick," said Minnie.

"Not a bit of it," returned this quaint lover. "You have a beautiful mouth. Never saw a cleaner pair of heels," he added.

"I'm not you, sir, for the compliment."

"But say," entreated the Captain, his eyes always on the door. "She may come back again directly, you know, and then it will be o'er, o'er."

"Or too early," smiled Minnie. "I think, Captain Rafferty, you are the early bird that tried to catch the poor worm."

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FROM A PAINTING BY J. CHARLTON

"ON AN ERRAND OF CHARITY—CHRISTMAS MORNING"



FROM A PICTURE BY S. E. WALLER

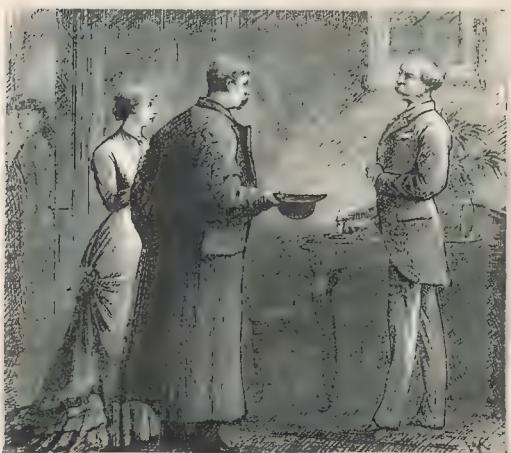
"OUR FROZEN-OUT PETS"



"HE DREW ASIDE TO LET US PASS, AND SALUTED US PUNCTILIOUSLY, BUT WITHOUT SPEAKING"



"A BEING IN THE GARB OF A GENTLEMAN HAD ACCOSTED MISS ISABELLA, WHO, WITH THE PARISIAN NATIVE, WAS MARCHING AT OUR HEAD"



"THE CAPTAIN DREW HIMSELF UP STIFFLY, AND REPLIED, 'I REMEMBER YOU BUT TOO WELL, SIR'"



"ALL THAT THE AUDIENCE HEARD WAS MR. SILCOCK'S AGONISED 'SPEAK UP!'"



"THE TATHS OF THE SCENE WAS HEIGHTENED BY THE FACT THAT ONE OF THE BABES WAS REALLY CRYING"



"ALLOW ME MR. BOTTOMLEY, TO INTRODUCE MY DAUGHTER!"

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD"



FIGURE A. MINTING, PALE, K. JOHN ON

1. The Key. 2. The Hare. 3. Country. 4. First Coming of the Queen. 5. George. 6. Fugged Out. 6. The Arrival of Visitors. 7. First Letting Lady —
S. The Little King. 8. A General Call.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS THEATRICALS AT THE SQUIRES



FROM A PICTURE BY W. SMALL.

"HOME, ONCE MORE!"



FROM A PAINTING BY J. W. NICOL

"AN IMMEDIATE SETTLEMENT WILL OBLIGE"



FROM A PAINTING BY W. L. THOMAS

"THE FIRST PARTY - THE INTRODUCTION"



FROM A PAINTING BY HEYWOOD HARDY

THE CAT-OF-NINE-TAILS



"CUPID 'TO BOGGANING'"

BY A. HOPKINS

From the Original Drawing by Sydney P. Hall, the Property of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

spoil the party face the girls doat upon; that'll tache him not to be paid, rint like a coward that he is.

"He wint down mighty asy," whispers Martin.

"He did, too asy. I doubt if he's hurt. I doubt if it was him."

How Judy's heart beats as she cowers in her lurking-place under the turf-stack! And Shawna—a great panic clutches him—he feels that, perhaps, in another minute he may be dragged out, and his last hour may come. But just at this crisis, Shawna's old bed-ridden mother gives a series of the most piteous moans which might well come from the supposed sufferer on the floor; and then starting up, she breaks out into a piercing cry. "Shawn, Shawn, where are ye, alanna? Ye're kill, ye're kill, my son!"

"I'll be off, I'll be off, I'll make sure," chuckles Dinnay.

"Give him a taste of lead, Martin; that'll settle his hash. Fine

down, so that you may hot him."

Martin obeys, and fires his old pistol through the gap in the window. The sparks catch fire to the straw, the smoke rises in a dense cloud, and the red flames begin to glow and spread.

"They'll think it took fire in the night," whispers Dinnay. "The bloody polis have never been so near to the fort. Men, poor Martin, that was well done *bhershadge*; ye're a better man than I thought you were."

Shawn Dhu won't have much to be proud of in the mornin'."

With a hoarse laugh, the two men fit past the turf stacks, then turn into the glen, and are soon out of sight.

"Glory to God!" cried Judy, clasping her hands. "They're gone!"

The next piece of work is to drag Shawna's old mother out of the dark corner. When this is done, Shawna and Judy improvise a primitive fire-engine, they fill a large churn with water, and pour it again and again on the blazing cabin. But all in vain; they drag the clattered clock, the legs-and, and a few plates and dishes from the *dwars*, and this hardly accomplished when the flames rise higher and higher, the roof falls in, and Shawna's cabin is amongst the things of the past.

"Eh! much mushin' mushin'," cries Judy, "isn't it a brett sin to s'w a'?"

"What matter?" answers Shawna, "whin we have our lives? Only for you, Judy, it's not standin' here I'd be with a whole skin. You've saved my life, girl, so you have."

"But I never got the crock on you," says Judy. "Oh! weary on it for a crock. I've feared I'll never get it now."

"What crock on you?" inquires Shawna.

"So Judy's a' comin' in at last, strength, and ends with, "And I'll never never have but the one after."

"Come near, Judy," says Shawna. "Catch a houle of me, girl."

She obeys, wondering to herself why Shawna should speak thus. By the blazing embers his dark handsome face, smoked and smutted though it be, looks handsomer than ever. As Judy glances timidly up, it seems to her,

As if it were all one, to woe some bright particular star,

And all the world's a' by her above her.

She never bestows a thought on the amethyst depths of those lovely pathetic eyes of hers, all glow with passion and tenderness, she never thinks of the love that warms them, and that would make even an ugly face beautiful. No, her heart is too full to hold anything.

"Judy," says Shawna, "do you know what?"

"No, I don't."

"Then I'd marry you if you'd never a heifer at all."

"Ah! I shawn, you wouldn't——"

"But I would. Ye've shown what stuff we're made of, tonight, and by the help of God we'll be called in chapel next Sunday."

"Ah! I shawn, ye're humbuggin' me!"

"Faith, I'm not humbuggin' you at all. We'll trust in the good God, and we'll build the cabin up, and do it again it together. Yes, as sure as the name's Judy McCraan I. You've stuck by me, and I'll stick by you."

So though Judy got no crock of gold, she got what was perhaps better—her heart's desire. That is what very few of us, wandering through the dusty high roads of life with weary feet and aching limbs, ever get. But Judy McCraan had the height of good luck. This Shawna prophesied that she would have, and such prophecies, like the oracles of ancient days, were to come true, somehow or other.

Dowb's Coxcombe

By E. C. GRENVILLE MURRAY.

L.

CAPTAIN LORD JULIUS DOWB was no relation to the "Dowb" who was "taken care of" during the Crimean War; but he was a young nobleman of wealthy family who had a great number of influential connections. This explains how he got into the army. He was a tall, good-looking fellow, two, and had not distinguished himself otherwise than by travelling in the train of his father, the Marquis of Doubleyew, when the latter went over to carry a Garter to H.S.H. the Prince of Rigmorden-Singsonaten. Lord Julius was in the Guards then; but on getting his step brother into the 25th Hussars, he was advised to exchange into the 25th, where he was fighting in Afghanistan, in order that there might be no outcry against his son. So he rather unwillingly offered himself a new uniform and took up his residence. He did not object to war in the abstract; but he preferred Paul Malli during the season, and it was the height of the season just then.

To console him for his exile Lord Julius was allowed to take with him the soldier who had been his valet in the Guards—a jolly Yorkshireman called Tom Busse. This fellow had not his equal for mixing the soda and B, which Dowb usually quaffed of a morning on getting up, with the result that he was always in a fit to be a broadsheet. He was besides very nicely provided in the case he took of his master's well-appointed wardrobe. Lord Julius's Indian outfit included twenty dozen pocket-handkerchiefs; a gross of shirts; twenty-four pairs of boots; and a valise full of cravats and perfume. His uniforms, dress and undress, filled three mottled tin boxes, and his civilian attire six. His lordship could not really have travelled with less. He was ready to let himself get shot at by Afghans; but he did not waive his right to be properly dressed on occasions when his life was at stake.

The troupe carrying a number of relief drafts was to steam on a Tuesday. In the afternoon of the day before—just an hour previous to his leaving London for Portsmouth, Dowb alighted from his brougham at a house in Eaton Square. He was clothed in his regimentals, with a sword dangling at his side; and he thought good to apologize for this costume, if it were an absurd one when he entered the dining-room where Lady Merryley and her daughter Beatties, two of the most popular ladies among Dowb's acquaintances, were engaged on some cruel work.

"Why should you call your uniform a livery, and affect to be ashamed of it, Lord Julius?" laughed Beattie, nervously. "I am sure you are proud of it as other officers."

"Pon my soul! I don't know why I should be proud of wearing a cast-off uniform, by a number of fellows, not one of whom I know for a fact. Dowb's a son in the 25th, I assure you."

"Well, you will make their acquaintance, and I hope be popular with them. They are all gentlemen I suppose?"

"Well, I don't expect to meet my tailor among them, if that's what you mean; but I wouldn't answer for my tailor's son. All sorts of odd creatures get into the Army now, and it comes rather hard upon a man who has always lived with one set of chums to go amongst a lot of such fellows."

"What do you say?" asked Beattie, to change the subject.

"To-morrow before twelve, I believe."

"And you have paid all your farewell visits?"

"Yes, I reserved this one for the last."

There was a moment's silence. Lady Merryley rose, and, under pretence of giving an order, glided out of her room. Beattie sat on with her work, but she kept her eyes bent on the collar on her cheeks deepened. It would have been evident to the untrained observer that her heart was heavy;—that there was "something" between her and Lord Julius Dowb. The officer stood with his back to the mantelpiece, stroking his moustache, and appearing rather embarrassed as to what he should say next—an unusual mood with him, for he was the coolest creature alive. At last he said abruptly: "Is there anything I can do for you in Afghanistan, Miss Merryley?"

"I don't know, but you may say to me there you will not have much time to think of others, Lord Julius."

"I'll always think of you, though."

"Well, then, if you can remember it bring me back one of those gold collars which the Afghan chiefs wear round their necks."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, a tiger skin, but you must have killed the tiger yourself; and of course you must snatch the gold collar yourself from the neck of a tiger."

"That's how I understood it. There would be no fun in the thing otherwise," responded Lord Julius, quietly.

"No, I was only joking," exclaimed Beattie, looking up with a teasing smile. "Bring yourself back alive and well, and that's all your friends ask for."

"Well that's satisfy you too, Beattie?"

"Yes," she faltered, blushing, for he was standing very close to her, and she had the impertinence to touch her forehead as soon as the words were spoken. Five minutes later Lord Julius left Lady Merryley's house, looking as composed as ever; so that his coachman was far from suspecting what a very important die in his master's life had been cast within the last half-hour. Lord Julius jumped into his brougham, and was driven to Waterloo Station. That night he slept on board the *Crocodile*, and the next day by noon was already out of sight of England.

As if it were all one, to woe some bright particular star,

And all the world's a' by her above her.

She never bestows a thought on the amethyst depths of those lovely pathetic eyes of hers, all glow with passion and tenderness, she never thinks of the love that warms them, and that would make even an ugly face beautiful. No, her heart is too full to hold anything.

"Judy," says Shawna, "do you know what?"

"No, I don't."

"Then I'd marry you if you'd never a heifer at all."

"Ah! I shawn, you wouldn't——"

"But I would. Ye've shown what stuff we're made of, tonight, and by the help of God we'll be called in chapel next Sunday."

"Ah! I shawn, ye're humbuggin' me!"

"Faith, I'm not humbuggin' you at all. We'll trust in the good God, and we'll build the cabin up, and do it again it together. Yes, as sure as the name's Judy McCraan I. You've stuck by me, and I'll stick by you."

So though Judy got no crock of gold, she got what was perhaps better—her heart's desire. That is what very few of us, wandering through the dusty high roads of life with weary feet and aching limbs, ever get. But Judy McCraan had the height of good luck. This Shawna prophesied that she would have, and such prophecies, like the oracles of ancient days, were to come true, somehow or other.

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MISFORTUNES NEVER COME SINGLY"—STILL MOOSE HUNTING



"THE LITTLE MOTHER"

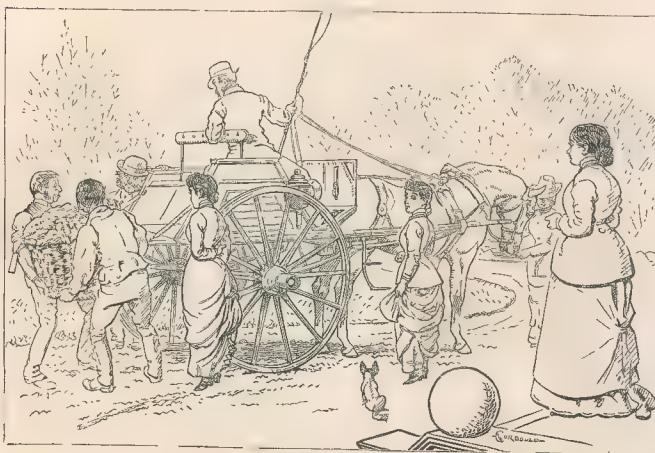
BY R. BARNES



SOMETHING FOR THE YOUNGSTERS—A LOWTHER ARCADIAN



HANSOM IS AS HANSOM DOES



A GENTLE HINT TO OUR COUNTRY COUSIN



A MAN OF LETTERS



OUR GOOSE CLUB



ROBERT! TOI QUE J'AIME

SOME CHRISTMAS NOTES



THE START. Sir Nonrod Owen marshals the Field



The race is over 3 miles of fair hunting country



Round the far side of the course Mr. Mortgage and Capt. Martingale arrange who is to win:



But a collision at the last fence upsets their plan

"THE WYCHDALE

BY R.



THE FIRST FENCE

Rush of Mr. Diddle's CAMEL (ridden by Diddle, Jr.)



(For Horses regularly ridden with Sir N. O.'s hounds)



In the confusion the CAMEL jumps the wrong side of a post
& Squic Marbury on Grey Friar comes in alone.

She obeyed his invitation; but her colour fled. She looked pale and frightened. He was all the gentler.

"Margaret," he said, "we have found out his reason. You were wrong all the time, dear. He was never worthy of you. See! I know you are a brave girl, or I would not be so abrunt with you." He handed her the paper, watching her face, as he did so with the utmost anxiety and tenderness.

She read the announcement, looked up at him, blushed again, and then, as if she had been called, went to the window. As it happened, she was wearing like a child undecided between tears and laughter on her shoulder, and he was saying a number of foolish things which will scarcely bear repetition.

A few weeks later another marriage was announced in *The Times*.

Our Illustrations

TOIL AND PLEASURE

It is by no means certain here that all the pleasure is inside the house, and all the toil outside. When the change of season deposits the fair burden, they have to be content to think about till she wants to return, and they will prepare themselves for the chilly homeward journey by a foaming tankard of ale in a snug chimney corner, whereas the lady has got most of her cares to come. Perhaps, as people were obliged to secure the services of the hairdresser when they could, she is already fatigued by having had to sit for hours unnoticed for fear of deranging her headress, and when she is about to go to the public institutions of social amusement. The chattering, no doubt, and the boy with the lantern, think their lot a hard one compared with that of this fine lady, but perhaps their respective degrees of happiness are more evenly matched than they suppose.

ON AN ERRAND OF CHARITY

As she sets forth on horseback, it may be presumed that her errand of charity involves a journey of some length, and as the time is morning, she must be starting betimes, for so nice a young woman as Margaret will be anxious to get to her services. Doubtless there is a cottage in some distant part of the parish, where, by reason of sickness, age, or other adversity, some one or more of the family are in need, and the contents of the fair housewoman's little basket will gladden some hearts on that sacred anniversary when all faces should wear a cheerful aspect.

OUR FROZEN-OUT PETS

It is a trite remark that the swan on *terra firma* loses nearly all his picturesqueness and dignity. He looks like a big awkward cousin of his humble relative the goose; but needs must when Jack Pudding comes and plucks upon the lakes and rivers, converting their usually amiable feathered friends into a solid crystalline mass. At such a time My Lord and My Lady Swan and their pride in their pockets and waddle ashore, stretching out their slender aristocratic necks in search of relief as humbly as if they were a pair of frozen-out Robin Redbreasts.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS THEATRALS

As on another page a story will be found, entitled "The Babes in the Wood," which describes a somewhat similar scene, little need be said concerning these pictures. The entertainments must have been very popular for there have evidently been successively performed a pantomime, and a romantic drama or extravaganza, based on an ever-popular nursery legend. When the general "call" takes place, it is kind of Wolf to lift his mask, on the sound principle laid down by his renowned predecessor, Bottom the weaver. "Ickle Wolf" his face must be seen through the lion's neck, and he must say, "Fair ladies, I am no lion. I am Smug, the Joiner!" Very little children attach much to these performances which their elders, even of a few years' seniority, can scarcely appreciate, and they are comforted by the certainty that the terrible Wolf who ate *Candy* is after all one of themselves.

HOME ONCE MORE

This is "Jack's Return." Happy fellow, to possess a Pall who, like the sweetheart of the immortal Tom Bowling, is at once both "kind and fair." These are something comic in the aspect of two pairs of powdered whiskers. The spectators most imagines that he will hear the sound of the gay salutes which is to follow. How many of these oscillatory discharges do you reckon to a grand salut? Mr. Jack? As you are saluting "My Queen! my Queen!" you cannot be satisfied with less than twenty-one guns.

AN IMMEDIATE SETTLEMENT WILL OBLIGE

"One touch of Nature," &c. It enables us more clearly to realize that our ancestors were real men and women, and not merely historical puppets, when we find that they were bothered by the same difficulties as ourselves. Although County Courts, for the speedier decision of cases, and as yet unenforced, lawyers and legal processes were not unknown, and this exceedingly grand gentleman, though doubtless anatomizing the confounded impudence of the commercial classes, will probably find it advisable to compound with his creditors.

THE FIRST PARTY—THE INTRODUCTION

At children's parties the boys are almost always shyer than the girls. It is a characteristic—and not altogether an unobjectionable characteristic of the human male youngster. Even when the little boys have been taught to dance, it is really the first day of May they cannot always be persuaded to dance. They prefer hiding in obscure corners, exchanging confidences on the subject of tops and marbles. No wonder then that Harry hangs back. Mr. Pope has

a line to the effect that "Awful Beauty puts on all its arms." And truly little Miss in her war-paint looks rather awe-inspiring. But this is evidently one of those cases when it is the first step which is difficult. After a polter they will enter into friendship, and after an hour or two will be seen pulling crackers as unconcernedly as if they had been brought up in the same nursery.

IN THE LAP OF LUXURY

This lap of luxury, truly! There is a general aspect of warmth and comfort of luxury and fiery wealth which impresses and pet, too, have a slow grace of natural tresses. But is the little lady really, comfortably? Her two does not wear an expression of extreme contentment. Perhaps, since warmth is generated from within rather than from without, she is chilly in spite of all these wraps. Some juvenile admirer, parodying the words of the impassioned Romeo, perchance might exclaim:

Oh! that I were the dog upon that lap

But most likely he would not be particularly happy if he were transmuted into this particular dog. Observe his countenance, it were a freckled dog, and the dog is not the last animal which would be apt to appropriate his palate. Perhaps, too, if he is a dog of fair-sight, he gloomily anticipates a time when high living and want of exercise will have brought him to a condition of ungraceful corpulence.

CUPID TOBOGGANING

Everybody knows the nature of the sport styled "tobogganning" a favourite winter pastime in all countries where there is a sufficiency of frost and snow. There is a moral hidden in this picture to the effect that, however swiftly we may travel through life, sooner or later Love catches us. In this case, as is only right and proper, our impetuous Romeo, perchance may exclaim:

STILL MOOSE HUNTING

MISFORTUNES never come singly. This Canadian moose-hunter has come to utter grief. He is on snow-shoes, and is probably not used to them. He staggers over the trunk of a fallen pine tree, and is about to fall into a deep, dark, bottomless hole. In his efforts to save himself, he clutches at the branches of a balsam which brings him down upon himself an avalanche of snow. His rifle is broken, and goes off with the shock. His cartridges slip from his pocket, and sink with their own weight into the snow.

SOME CHRISTMAS NOTES

THESE sketches are self-explanatory, and therefore the briefest description will suffice. The hamper here is of good old-fashioned dimensions, and, if it escapes the perils of railway piffers, and the risk of lying in a goods shed, the turkeys are too "high" for the society, will be sold at a loss, and be satisfied with the poor pasties. The hamper along the Christmastide road the burden of the hamper, the joy of the people's joys and sorrows is rather an object of compassion, but his labours are sweetened by the recollection that Boxing Day is close at hand. The lot of Policeman X, too, although he has to stand about a good deal in the cold, is not without its compensations.—The trio on foot, and the select party in the Hansom cab belong evidently to the middle class, and the middle wealth is too often unaccompanied by wisdom.—For pleasure it is to look at the artisan who does not forget that girls and boys delight in toys, and therefore is taking something home for the little ones.

THE LITTLE MOTHER

THIS picture vividly recalls those delightful days of our childhood when the faculties of belief and wonder were far keener than they are later in life, and with the glow of the fire cast an untroubled radiance on our faces, and sat listening in rapt attention while some great master of old-time told us some story or legend which was equally welcome whether it came originally out of a book, or was made up entirely "out of his own head." The idea intended to be conveyed by our picture is that the children have lost their mother, whose place is being taken by an elder sister.

THE WYCHDALE STEEPLECHASE

WHILE Sir NIMROD Owen's hounds were rattling the cubbs about one September morning in Goodacre Rough, it was suggested by Captain Martingle that a steeplechase would be an agreeable way of ushering in the regular hunting season. The idea took. Sir Nimrod would give his countenance and aid to the affair. So it was arranged to have a race for horses which had been regularly ridden during last season with Sir Nimrod's hounds, or which had appeared frequently on the cover sides during this year's cub-hunting. They were to be *bond fide* the property of people living within the limits of the forest, most never have been in a training-stable, and if they could not be sold, or driven, ride them, they must certainly be mounted by "Gentlemen Riders." No professional jocks for Wychedale! and to save trouble, promote adventure, and encourage sport, "catch weights" were decided on.

The race came off at the end of October, "over three miles of hunting country," in the most level part of the Dale, and plenty of fun was got out of it by the spectators and old Squire Marbury. Poor old Tom, friend to the hounds, was the only person to enter. A four-hander came down from Chambrey; breaks from the church, the Cefn, Ash, Dodington, Beoley, &c. a tandem from Cawarden; phætones and dog-carts from everywhere; butchers' carts and bicycles from Westchester; and a large company on horseback collected from all the halls and farmhouses of the district. The printed card stated that a Cup, or 25 sovereigns, was to be run for, and a Cup, Squire Marbury's, and a large sum of money to the horse to receive half the entrance money, and each competitor the names and descriptions of the entered horses. There were only five of them, a disappointingly small number. The names of their owners and of their riders gave ample promise of sport, however, although amongst a knowing few the Cup seemed already to be the property of either Captain Martingle or Mr. Booksden, for whom Mr. Martinge was to ride.

In good time Sir Nimrod rode up to the starting-post, and there marshalled the field, which consisted of Squire Marbury's grey

horse *Greyfriar*, Captain Martingle's chestnut colt *Playful*, and Mr. T. Fallows' bay mare *Brazos*—all with "owners up" and Mr. Booksden's brown horse *Middleway* ridden by Mr. Martinge, and Mr. Diddle's roan horse *The Camel*, ridden by young Diddle.

When the signal was given *Playful* started slowly by reason of being tall first, but his swiftness increased and joining the others, they were soon rapidly over the course. The last to start, which *Brazos* did, closely followed by *The Camel*, who went up with a grand rush, and cleared it, in a way that provoked the admiration of the three riders, Lebow, of whom Squire Marbury was last. On they all went across Price Jones's farm, past Butterley Heys, until they came to the brook. *Brazos* made a mistake, and Tom Fallows was left in the water. Over went *Middleway* and *Playful*; and then *The Camel*, well worked up by young Diddle; and a little while after, the others, and the last, *Greyfriar*, to the great surprise. Round the far side of the course Martinge and Martingle seemed to be having a pleasant gallop together, and to be conversing most amicably. Friendly rivals! In truth they were arranging which of them was to win. They found out how the bets stood, and fixed it accordingly. Then they went on with a great show of racing and drew towards home; but while their hearts were full of pride and of the joy of the chase, the two last riders collided as they topped the thorn of the last fence and over into the ditch rolled the wicked conspirator. *Playful* by kicking about for a few seconds, and, in avoiding him and the unseated riders, young Diddle went just the wrong side of the marking-post with the bit of coloured calico atop, and before he could retrieve his error, the forgotten *Greyfriar* arrived on the scene, and Captain Martingle and Mr. Martinge from their ditch had the pleasure of seeing him win easily, amidst the cheers of the crowd for old Squire Marbury.

GRANDPAPA'S RECOLLECTIONS

ARRIVED there is a moment when pleasure children better than to hear reminiscences from their parents of their own childhood, it is very hard for them to realize that papa and mamma were once little soft creatures like themselves. Still more difficult is it to realize anything about the preceding generation. According to their fancies, probably, grandpapa was always bald, always hobbled on a stick, always sat in the big armchair with his feet on a gouty stool, and always read the paper through spectacles. These pictures may induce us to believe that there was in the far-distant past an epoch when even poor old grandpapa was young.

OUR CHRISTMAS THEATRICALS

HERE are depicted some of the whims and oddities which are pretty sure to accompany the dramatic doings of amateurs. We have heard of some poverty-stricken medieval scholar who composed learned treatises while he dandled an infant on either knee, but Shakespeare Smith must have been a still more wonderful genius if he could piece together a play with all these would-be performers holding house. And when the amateur is not quite so perfectly supplied, for while one staged for a thrilling minstrel, another, of the fair sex, and with symmetrical ankles, demanded burlesque. On these occasions it argues a considerable amount of self-delusion for a man to shave off his moustache, especially if it be a very poor and scrubby one, to suit the exigencies of the part. To Edwin and Angelina the rehearsals are delightful. Like Garrick, they are always acting off the stage, but then they have probably made up their minds to play the part for the relief of their friends. And when the other girls, who have had a night in a bed of roses; he is worried by all the jealousies and incompetencies of his *stage*, and sometimes everything looks so like a *Jazz* that he throws down the prompt-book in despair. It is a remarkable fact that in amateur theatricals the curtain is almost always run up before the right moment; the result being that get what you get the haggis-loving Scotchman would style a "fine confused" view of carpenter's tools and buckets, step-ladders, and what not.

A GOOD SAMARITAN

A SARCASM is here evidently intended against the lady who marches along Prayer Book in hand, and who looks so meekly virtuous. Like the priest and the Levite in the parable, she "passes by on the other side" neglectful of the poor little girl who has been gathering a few sticks to kindle a fire against the pinching cold. It is her own daughter who acts the part of a good Samaritan; she has little to give, but she gives it all, namely, her cherished orange.

CHERRY RIPE," BY J. E. MILLAS, R.A.

WE venture to prophecy that a hundred years hence this picture will be considered one of our great English master's finest works, and we only regret not being able to reproduce the whole of the figure in our engraving. It would be a great treat to see the original hanging in our National Collection side by side with little Penelope Boothby by Sir Joshua Reynolds, just as Turner stipulated that his picture should be hung as a challenge to Claude's masterpiece. Unfortunately, however, Sir Joshua Reynolds' little beauty is, we believe, the property of Earl Dudley, while Millas' picture is owned by Mr. Arthur Lyon, of Abbott's Clowthorpe, Uttoxeter.

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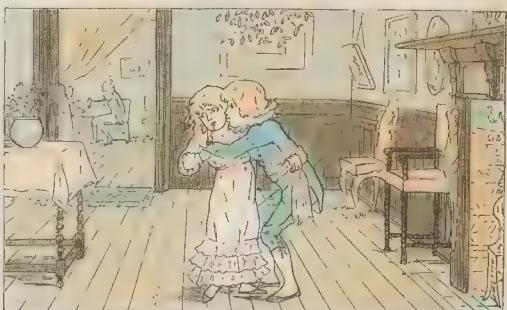
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"HE FEELS LONELY, AS HIS NURSE IS FOND OF CHATTING WITH A FRIEND"



"GRANDPAPA IN DISGRACE"



"HE MEETS GRANDMAMMA FOR THE FIRST TIME: HE DOES NOT FORGET THE GOOD OLD CUSTOM OF YE MISTLETOE"



"GRANDPAPA GOES TO SCHOOL"



"HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS: GRANDPAPA COMES TO GRIEF ON A SLIDE"



"GRANDPAPA MEETS GRANDMAMMA FOR THE SECOND TIME: HE DARES NOT TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YE MISTLETOE SCUGH"



"GRANDMAMMA SAYS 'YES'"

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BY MISS CASELLA



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Amy wanted burlesque



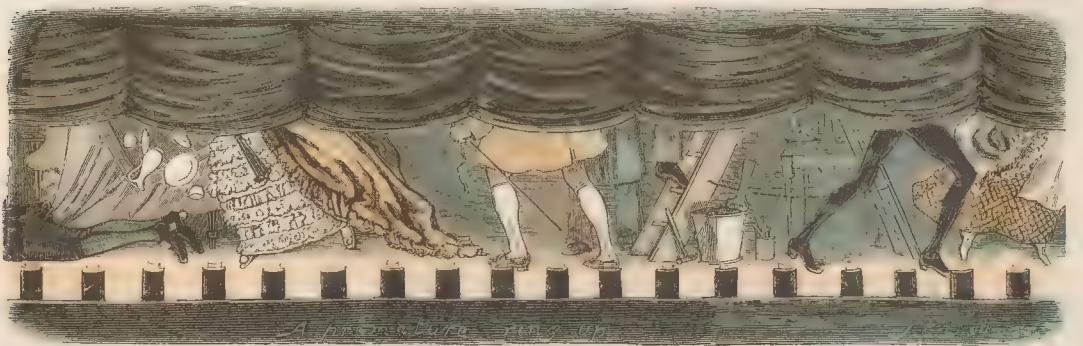
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